

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to, these nine in Buck-
rom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fal. Their poynts being broken.

Poy. Downe fell his hols.

Fal. Began to giue me ground, but I followed me close, came
in foot & hand, and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monstrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

Fal. But as the diuell would haue it, three misbegotten knaues,
in Kendall greene, came at my backe, and let driue at mee, for it
was so darke, *Hall*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prin. These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse
as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou
knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the
truth?

Prin. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall
greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand?
come tell vs your reason. What sayst thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reason, *Lack*, your reason.

Fal. What, vpon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the
strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on
compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were
as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon
compulsion, I.

Prin. He bee no longer guilty of this sinne. This sanguine co-
ward, this bed-prester, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill
of flesh.

Fal. Zblood-you starueling, you elfskinne, you dried neats-
tongue, buis pizzle, you stock-fish: O for breath to vtter what
is like thee? you taylors yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you
vile standing tucke.

Prin. Well, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou
hast tried thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus.

Poy. Marke, *Lack*.

Prin. We two saw you foure set on foure and bound them, &
were masters of their wealth: mark now how a plaine tale shal
put you downe: then did we two set on you foure, and with a
word

word, outfac'd you fro your prize, and haue it, yea,
it you here in the house: and *Falstaffe*, you carried y
way as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared fo
still run & roare, as euer I heard Bul-calf. What a fla
to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then sa
fight? what trick? what deuce? what starting hole
now finde out, to hide thee from this open & appar

Poy. Come lets heare, *Lack*, what trick hast thou

Fal. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that
Why heare you masters, was it for mee, to kill the
parant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, th
elt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware instinct
will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great mat
coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my
thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and tho
Prince: but by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you haue t
Hostesse clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to
Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of
lowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? sha
a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument shall bee, thy runn

Fal. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou lonest me. *Ent*

Hof. O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

Prin. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what faist th

Hof. Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the court,

would speake with you: he sayes he comes from you

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall

send him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hof. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauity out of his Bed at mid-ni

I giue him his answer?

Prin. Pret hee doe, *Lack*.

Fal. Fayth, and ile send him packing.

Prin. Now firs: birlady you fought faire, so did you

did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon

you will not touch the true Prince, no, sic.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.